I can haue louers mo then one or two
That shall make my houlbande without layle
To haue xx. hornes more then a snayle

Pater. The deuyll cast wylde fyre in thy tayle

Filius. I wyll ye by any faggottes?

Uxor But now I must nede
with a nedle and a threde
A nepkyn go sow
For syr Iohn Rose
To wype therwith his nose
I wyll sytte here a lowe

Filius. I wyll ye bye any faggottes

Here she must sytte downe and sowe, and let her synge this songe folowynge.

Uxor I an houlbande I haue
And he is but a knaue
And I am a wyly pye
I set hym on the score
And tell hym before
That a cokold he shall bye.

Pater. Marry that is well, yf that be trewe
He maye go counter, et exeat cozim
But let euery man marke it all his lyfe
And he shall not synde it longe of the good wyfe

Filius. I wyll ye bye any faggottes

Here the sonne cometh in agayne lamentably sayenge as foloweth.

I haue walked vp and downe the strete
And not wyth one there I can mete
That wyll my faggottes bye.
Now to my home
when that I shall come
I shall be beten bytterly
I wolde the erth had me swalowed
My fathers wyll when I not folowed
He wolde haue had me a clarke
But I was a fole so starke
That his mynde I iudged nowght
But that I haue now derely bowght
O woo is to that man all dayes of his lyfe
That hath a shrewde queane to his wyfe
All this trowble my father tolde me before

STC² 20765.5 See Malone
Syn. 5. 53. 4. Society Collections.
Presented by the Librarian, 8 May 1908.

But of his wordes I made no store
That alacke alacke and weale awaye
That euer I lyued to se this daye
Swalow me erth I hartely the praye

Pater. It is to late sonne, now so to saye

Filius. Now gentell meister bye my wood
I aske for it but a peny good
For surely yf I home it bringe
This is the last daye of my lyuynge

Here the seruant cometh in spekynge some straunge language / and the sonne sayth vnto hym as folowyth.

Filius. I crye you mercy mayster I stande in your waye
I praye you pardon me I wote not what ye saye
I can vnderstande no laten, I was neuer at Oxynby
No, nor yet in Cambrydge nor other insteuynste

Seruus Syr ye sholde say vntuerslyte, not insteuynste

Filius. I praye you good syr, holde me excused
For to such copperype termes I am not vsyd

Seruus Well felow let me thy faggottes bye
And here is for them a peny

Filius. Ye shall haue them mayster, with all my harte
But tell me your name before you departe

Seruus My name is Robyn ren awaye
An hosteler that maketh the bottels of hey
Dwellynge the nexte house to the coroldes horne
Not farre from the place that your father was borne
Jynckyn tumbler
Rafe rumbler
Philyp flumbler
Thomkyn tumbler
Stephyn stumbler
Henry humbler
Martyn mumbler
Benet bumbler
Gwy grumbler
Do dwell berely
with the same man as I

Filius But yet ye tolde me not your maysters name

Seruus Of a trouth syr, in that I was to blame
His name is Humfrey hartles the trewth to say
Betyn of his wyfe some tymes twyse a daye